THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

Weekly Theatrical Report.

NUMBER XXI.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1800.

——— Seu me tranquilla senectus
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops, Romæ, seu For sita jusserit, exul:
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color. O, puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo, et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

The First Volume of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Sets, half-bound, price Seven Shillings, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel-court, Drury-lane; or C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *May* 13, 1800.

INDISCRETION—*P. Hoare.* LODOISKA—*J. P. Kemble.*

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *May* 13, 1800.

CYMBELINE—*Shakspeare.* THE CHILD OF NATURE—*Mrs. Inchbald.*

WE avail ourselves of this opportunity of replying to a very polite note we have received from Mr. WALSINGHAM, in the tenor of which our readers in general are interested. This

Gentleman complains, that we frequently content ourselves with the bare mention of the Plays acted at the two Theatres, without giving any comment upon the Drama itself, or the performance. To this charge we certainly plead guilty, and it now behoves us to enter our plea of justification.

We have frequently had occasion to remark, that the DRAMATIC CENSOR is the work of an *individual*; that the Editor does not *delegate* his functions, does not trust to the eyes or judgment of *others*, but forms his opinion from his *own* knowledge and observance. Hence it follows, that as a human being, liable to the same infirmities as the rest of his fellow-creatures, and subject to all the "natural shocks that flesh is heir to,"—illness, accident, and every interruption to which he is obnoxious in common with the rest of mankind, must interfere with his pursuits, and frequently render it impossible for him to pay that close attention to the performances of the night which he so anxiously desires to do.

Again—Mr. WALSINGHAM, and our readers in general will please to consider, that the DRAMATIC CENSOR, like all other periodical publications, has its stated bounds and limits. Of course, when the performances of any one particular night (and this is a plea which operates with double force in the case of a *New Play*) possess that degree of interest, which requires an extensive detail, a proportionate curtailment becomes necessary in articles

ticles of inferior moment and importance. Our readers will scarcely accuse us of having dealt *parsimoniously* with them in this particular. If they will take the trouble of drawing the *qverage*, they will find, that we have exceeded our engagements with the public, as to *quantity*, by at least *one third*. We might expatiate at considerable length upon this topic, but we flatter ourselves, that the arguments we have already adduced, will be deemed a competent justification of our conduct, both in the eyes of Mr. WALSINGHAM, and of the public at large.

We return from this digression to the performances of the evening, which were for the Benefit of Mrs. POPE. It seems the Historical Play of *Cymbeline* has been laid aside at this Theatre for seven years. The principal characters were cast as follows—

Cymbeline, - -	Mr. WADDY.
Posthumus, - -	Mr. HOLMAN.
Bellario, - - -	Mr. MURRAY.
Cloten, - - -	Mr. BETTERTON.
Arviragus, - -	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Guiderius, - - -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Pisanio, - - -	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Jachimo, - - -	Mr. POPE.
Queen, - - -	Mrs. DIBDIN.
Helen, - - -	Miss MILLS.
Imogen, *Her first appearance in that Character*,	Mrs. POPE.

In the Entertainment, Mrs. POPE supported the part of *Amanthis*. Her artifical style of acting forms

a striking contrast to the unaffected simplicity of Miss MURRAY, who appeared in this character on her own benefit, and whose unsophisticated manner gives her a legitimate title to the denomination of the *Child of Nature*.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *May* 14, 1800.

THE HAUNTED TOWER—*Cobb*. DANCING, PUPPET-SHEW, *&c*.

THE Opera, in which Miss DE CAMP appeared for the first time, in the character of *Adela*, was intermingled with, and succeeded by, a variety of *pantomimical* performances, it being the benefit of Mr. KELLY. We shall not degrade our work, by entering into a criticism on dancing, puppet-show, and the *skipping-rope pas de deux*. As a proof of the triumph of folly over sense, the theatre was crowded in every part to *suffocation*.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *May* 14.

LIBERAL OPINIONS—*Dibdin*. PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb*. THE HORSE AND THE WIDOW—*Dibdin*.

IN our last we promised to give an *analysis* of the plot or fable of the New Comedy, a promise which we now proceed to perform.

Mr. Liberal is a gentleman brought up to the profession of the law, but of a very benevolent and expanded disposition, who wishes to render his family, and all with whom he is acquainted, happy.

He

He has a maiden cousin, *Lucretia Liberal*, who resides in the house, and subjects him entirely to her control, by presuming on her fortune; which she, whenever *Mr. Liberal* opposes her intentions, threatens to bequeath out of the family. Of his two children, *Frank* and *Fanny*, the former is an illegitimate son. *Liberal*, however, makes no distinction between them, but treats his son with the same parental care and solicitude, as if he had been the offspring of a legal union.

Lucretia, with whom happiness and wealth are synonimous terms, concerts a match between *Fanny* and an illiterate, ill-mannered country Squire of the name of *Chace*. *Fanny*, however, has previously disposed of her heart to *Mildmay*, who, on a former occasion, had risked his life in protecting her from the insults of a ruffian. *Mildmay* is the intimate friend of her brother *Frank*; in whose company he comes down into the country to escape the pursuit of bailiffs. *Frank*, ignorant of *Mildmay's* passion for his sister, introduces that gentleman into his father's house, which leads to an interview between *Mildmay* and his mistress. The lovers are surprized in a *tete-a-tete*, which incenses *Lucretia* to such a degree (as she justly attributes *Fanny's* refusal of Squire *Chace* to her predelection for *Mildmay*), that she resolves to confine her to her chamber, till she consents to marry the Squire. *Jenny* overhears and frustrates this design, by putting *Fanny* in possession of the key of her intended prison, and the young mistress

tress and maid make their escape in male attire. By one of those strange coincidences so seldom met with in actual life; but so common in plays and novels, it happens that the ladies equip themselves in a dress exactly similar to that worn by *Mildmay*. This involves the bailiffs, in pursuit of the latter, in a very singular dilemma, which is rendered more perplexing, in consequence of *Frank* having exchanged coats with *Mildmay*. The bailiffs, three in number, after laying a wager on the event of their search, take different routs, and each falling in with one of the three disguised adventurers, whom he arrests, fancies himself the winner. An explanation, however, soon convinces them that they are all three equally in the wrong.

This constitutes the comic part of the Play; the graver scenes hinge on the distress entailed upon a virtuous family by the unjust will of a deceased relative. *Mrs. Howard*, reduced by poverty and sickness, disposes of the wardrobe of her uncle to a Jew, in the neighbourhood, named *Ephraim*.—Soon after this transaction, *Counsellor Friendly* arrives from London with the welcome intelligence, that she has not been overlooked in her uncle's will as she imagined; no less a sum than 10,000l. bequeathed to her by that uncle, being concealed in the lining of his drab-coloured coat. Unfortunately this very coat forms a part of the wardrobe she had that morning sold to *Ephraim*. She discloses the circumstance to *Counsellor Friendly*, who instantly

instantly hurries off to *Ephraim's* lodgings, in hopes of recovering the property.

Mean while *Frank Liberal* waits upon *Ephraim*, to negotiate a loan for the immediate relief of his friend *Mildmay*. Whilst he is concluding the bargain, he hears the voice of *Lucretia* coming up stairs. Eager to avoid her, he snatches up the money, and conceals himself in a recess, in which *Ephraim* has deposited the cloaths he purchased of *Mrs. Howard*. *Frank*, who is represented as a whimsical eccentric character, overhearing *Lucretia* discourse about her late uncle and his favourite drab coat, equips himself in the dress of the deceased, and thus accoutred marches across the stage, to the great astonishment and dismay of *Lucretia*, who mistakes him for her uncle's ghost. Unluckily, with his own coat, he leaves behind him the money he had borrowed from *Ephraim*, for the accommodation of *Mildmay*, whom he meets in imminent danger of falling into the clutches of the bailiffs. *Frank* exchanges coats with his friend, who, under his new disguise, effects his escape, whilst *Frank* himself, with *Fanny Liberal* and *Jenny*, as we have already related, are severally arrested by the officers.

Ephraim having, prior to *Frank's* frolic, discovered the £10,000. sewed up in the lining of his newly-purchased drab-coat, very honourably returns it to *Mrs. Howard*. *Counsellor Friendly* produces a will, made by *Mrs. Howard's* uncle, subsequent to that

which

which bequeathed a legacy of £20,000. to *Lucretia*, by virtue of which that donation is revoked, and devised to *Mrs. Howard*, whose adversities are now terminated. *Frank* espouses her daughter *Mariana*; and *Fanny Liberal* is made happy in her union with *Mildmay*. All parties are pleased, except the old maid, whose disappointments multiply, in the same proportion as the felicity of the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* is increased.

We have already remarked in our former Number, that the prevailing character of the New Play is rather that of broad farce, than of legitimate Comedy; and for this reason have deemed it exempt, in many respects, from the jurisdiction of rigid criticism. Among other ludicrous incidents, which partake strongly of the *outrè*, we may justly rank the scene in which *Counsellor Friendly* seeks shelter from a storm of rain in the house of *Farmer Grouse*, where he mistakes the farmer's conversation with *Ephraim*, about killing a pig, for a murderous design against his own life, and accordingly makes a precipitate escape, leaving his watch behind him.

In the character of *Ephraim*, the author has been accused of borrowing from himself, in the farce of the *Jew and the Doctor*; but, if we are rightly informed, there are certain circumstances in Mr. DIBDIN's life, which give peculiar force and propriety to his delineation of the benevolent *Israelite*, and which fully exempt him from the charge of *plagiarism*, with respect to Mr. CUMBERLAND's Comedy

medy of the *Jew*. His occasional satire on unnatural fathers, who leave their illegitimate offspring to penury and distress, contains many pointed and strong sallies, which, we have reason to believe, are not confined to general declamation, but have a direct *personal* allusion. The sentiments he introduces on this topic, are replete with *feeling*, and evidently proceed less from the *head* than from the *heart*.

On the whole, we see no reason to retract the opinion we gave of the New Comedy in our last. As we then observed, it is a light airy production, which affords much room for entertainment. It was received with very little opposition, and is, indeed, as a whimsical *olio*, (and it aspires to no higher praise) justly entitled to the success it continues to experience.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *May* 15, 1800.

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT—*C. Cibber*. THE HUMOURIST—*Cobb*.

THE history of this evening will remain on record for a treasonable attempt on the life and person of the MONARCH, which happily miscarried, to the great and universal joy of the country. The performances of course, though not suspended, were, however, in a great measure deranged, in consequence of the concern which both the audience and the company experienced on this occasion. We shall, therefore, wave all critical remarks, and only observe, that the testimonies of loyalty manifested,

after the first tumults of surprize and indignation had subsided, must have been peculiarly gratifying to the Royal breast. The song of "*God save the King*," was sung with enthusiastic rapture, and repeated three successive times, with the addition of the following stanza; written originally, we understand, by J. SEWELL, Esq. Attorney-General of Quebec, and sung in the Concert Room of that town, when the news arrived of a former attempt against his MAJESTY's life; though common report, at the time, attributed it to the prolific muse of Mr. SHERIDAN*.

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* Among other *literary* characters, who wished to have the credit of this loyal effusion, was the *modest* Mr. KELLY, who, it seems, was so busy on the occasion, and so deeply affected with the outrage offered to his MAJESTY, that he lost all *recollection*; and not only his *recollection*, but a very *costly watch*; and not only a very *costly watch* forsooth, but his *voice* to boot! (for we find him incapacitated from playing the part of *Floreski* the following evening for *want of voice!*) which in the eyes of some persons appears more surprising than all his other losses, as his *voice* was supposed to have long since given him the slip. One of the most public of all the public prints (the *Publican's paper*), informed its readers, that "the *impromptu*, introduced in the song of '*God save the King*,' was the joint production of Mr. KELLY and his friends!" Hence, it should seem, that this *impromptu* was, in the eyes of the sapient writer of the paragraph alluded to, a *partnership* concern! We hope Mr. KELLY will be indemnified for all his losses, particularly for his *voice*; for the recovery of which, a public reward ought to be advertised; and we think a watch ought to be decreed him at the Public expence, or through the channel of Royal munificence, to prevent him from being *out of time*.

"From

" From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King.
O'er him thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend,
Our Father, Prince and Friend,
God save the King."

As we are not engaged in composing a *Novel*, we shall not imitate the example set us by certain public writers, who seem to consider this occurrence as an article of speculation, and accordingly have detailed the transaction in a different manner every day, till their tale at length assumes more the air of a *romance* than an *historical* Report. Humbly and sincerely congratulating his MAJESTY on his providential escape, we shall only add, that it must prove a source of just and conscious exultation to his MAJESTY, that none but a man deranged in his intellects, a man acting under the impulse of insanity, can be supposed capable of harbouring hostile designs against the person of a MONARCH, so justly endeared to his people.

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris,
Fata donavere, bonique Divi:
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *May* 15, 1800.

THE BIRTH-DAY—*T. Dibdin.* THE FOLLIES OF A DAY —*Holcroft.* ST. DAVID's DAY—*T. Dibdin.*

MR. TOWNSEND performed this evening the part of *Jack Junk* for his own benefit. He acquitted

himself with credit, though we cannot place him upon a par with the original representative, Mr. FAWCETT.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *May* 16, 1800.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—*R. B. Sheridan.* LODOISKA —*J. P. Kemble.*

Miss POPE took her Benefit this evening, and was honoured with a numerous and fashionable audience. Mr. TRUEMAN, for the reason already assigned, acted as Mr. KELLY's substitute in the Entertainment, in the part of *Count Floreski.* Bating our concern for Mr. KELLY's personal loss, we saw no reason to regret the change.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *May* 16, 1800.

LIBERAL OPINIONS– *T. Dibdin.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.* THE HORSE AND THE WIDOW—*T. Dibdin.*

THE New Comedy maintains its popularity; the acting indeed is admirable, and does honour to all the parties concerned in the representation.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *May* 17, 1800.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan.* THE APPRENTICE—*A. Murphy.*

THE loyal sentiments contained in this Play, particularly those in *Rolla's* Address to the Peruvian Army, applicable to the occurrence of Thursday evening, and so admirably delivered by Mr. KEMBLE:

BLE—"We serve a MONARCH whom we love!—a "GOD, whom we adore!—the *throne* we reverence "is the people's choice!" &c. were received with more than rapturous, with tumultuous applause.—The whole Theatre resounded with shouts of loyalty and patriotism.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *May* 17, 1800.

SPECULATION—*Reynolds.* MARIAN—*Mrs. Brookes.*

This sprightly and eccentric Comedy, after lying dormant five years, was this evening revived, for the Benefit of Miss WATERS. We annex a specification of the *cast* of the characters.

Tanjore, - - -	Mr. LEWIS.
Project, - - -	Mr. EMERY.
Jack Arable, - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Captain Arable, - -	Mr. MACARTNY.
Sir Frederick Faintley, -	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Alderman Arable, - -	*By a Young* GENTLEMAN, *being his first Appearance.*
Lady Project, - -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Cecilia, - - -	Miss MILLS.
Emmeline, - - -	*By a Young* LADY, *being her first Appearance.*

With respect to the performance, we never saw Mr. LEWIS appear to greater advantage. He was the very personification of gaiety, sprightliness, and eccentricity, and seemed to enter completely into the spirit of the author. Mr. EMERY supported the part of *Project*, formerly played by Mr. MUNDEN, with ability. Mr. MACARTNY, in our opinion, possesses one of the finest voices on the stage

stage. His delivery is far superior, as being more distinct, than that of Mr. H. JOHNSTON. Every word he utters is clearly heard; yet he never fatigues himself, nor puts the audience in pain, after the example of the gentleman just mentioned, by the violence and impetuosity of his enunciation. He does not, like Mr. H. JOHNSTON, act the *watchman* on the stage, who, in crying the hours, always sinks the most important part of his speech, and lays all the stress on insignificant words. From what motives, and for what reason, Mr. MACARTNY is so systematically kept in the back ground, we must confess ourselves totally at a loss to determine.

The young Gentleman, who stept into Mr. QUICK's shoes, as the representative of *Alderman Arable*, appears to possess very respectable talents, but his figure (which is greatly below the middle size) is against him. He trod the stage, and performed the part, with all the ease and unconcern of an old practitioner; nor did he seem to be in the least embarrassed by the occasional *impromptus* introduced by his partners in the dialogue, and which bore a "*quizzing*" allusion to his diminutive stature. He met these casual rebuffs armed at all points—*in se totus teres atque rotundus.*

The young Lady who made her *debut* as *Emmeline*, had an arduous task to accomplish. This part was formerly acted by Miss WALLIS. She appeared, however, to form a just conception of the character, and her delivery was marked by appropriate emphasis:

sis: but she wanted the confidence of the *Alderman*, which prevented her from elevating her voice (the tones of which are harmonious and pleasing) to a proper pitch. Her person is striking, and what is technically termed a good *stage-figure*. With practice there is no doubt but she will acquire the requisite confidence to qualify her for the career in which she has embarked.

At the end of the Second Act, Miss WATERS sung with feeling and effect the following *Musical Address*, written expressly for the occasion by the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, and admirably set to music by Mr. MAZZINGHI.

1.

Mark, when beneath the Western main,
The Sun with Thetis sinks to rest;
Whilst sable Night resumes her reign,
And lengthening shades the Pole invest:
No opening flowers their sweets exhale,
No spicy fragrance scents the gale,
Damp, noxious vapours taint the troubled air,
And sickening Nature droops oppress'd with care.

2.

But, when emerg'd from Thetis' arms,
Hyperion gilds the Eastern sky,
Rous'd from her trance with fresher charms,
Reviving Nature glads the eye.
Again the flowers their sweets exhale,
Again rich fragrance scents the gale;
Bright Helianthus to the genial ray
His bosom bares, and hails the God of Day!

Nor

3.

Nor less the power, which you *(to the audience)* possess,
Nor less with you my hopes to crown;
I flourish, if with smiles you bless,
But droop and sicken, if you frown.
'Tis your's with kind and fostering hand
To bid the timid soul expand.
Be now this god-like attribute confest,
And soothe with your applause your votary's breast!

In the Musical Entertainment of *Marian*, a New Song, likewise written by the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, though not, like the Address, expressly for the present occasion, was introduced, in the stead of Mrs. BILLINGTON's air—

"Too happy, when Edward was kind, &c."

Mr. MAZZINGHI is the musical composer. We subjoin a copy—

1.

He has left me—the youth, the dear youth I adore,
To others he tells his fond tale;
And others, like me, will have cause to deplore,
When they find how his promises fail.
Like me, to affliction and sorrow a prey,
They shall mingle their notes with the dove;
And still, with the rise and the setting of day,
Lament the sad loss of their love.

2.

Beware, ye fond virgins, nor rashly believe
The vows which he rashly may swear;
For Damon will flatter, but 'tis to deceive,
And his vows—they are lighter than air!
Beware, ye fond virgins, and keep your hearts free,
Believe what I tell you is true;
The swain, that prov'd false and inconstant to me,
Will never prove faithful to you.

Ah!

3.

Ah! when will my bosom its sorrows forego?
Ah! when may I hope for relief?
When my eyes shall no longer with tears overflow?
Nor my heart be distracted with grief?
Ah! never till grief shall my vitals consume,
Will this bosom its sorrows resign!
Ah! never till dead, and consign'd to my tomb,
Will peace—peace eternal be mine!

The rich store of *Novelty* produced this evening, particularly the *first appearance of two new Performers*, attracted one of the greatest houses the season has to boast. The TURKISH EMBASSY attended the Theatre, in compliment to the lady who performed the part of *Emmeline*, and occupied the KING's box.

☞ *We are obliged to defer the remainder of our* WEEKLY REPORT *till our next.*

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

WE understand the "glorious Eight" *refractory* Performers have addressed a *very modest* letter to the PROPRIETORS of Covent-Garden Theatre, signed with their joint names, expressing their astonishment that the PROPRIETORS have so long delayed *offering* terms of pacification. They seem to think it the duty of the Proprietors to make the *first advances*, and, callous to every feeling of contrition, demand it as a matter of right, that the overtures for peace shall come from the *righteous*, the *unoffending*, the *triumphant* party! They expressly re-

mind the PROPRIETORS, that it is high time for them to come forward, as the season now draws towards its close, and as the engagements of several of the *malecontents* terminate with the present season. This line of conduct, it must be confessed, is on *a par* with their former proceedings. We always thought it the part of the *criminal* to sue for pardon, and remission of punishment; the part of the *vanquished* to beg for quarter. But the "glorious Eight" seem to persevere in their *levelling principles*, seem determined to *reverse* all the established forms and usages of society. We hope the PROPRIETORS will evince a due degree of firmness and self-respect, and not suffer *rebels* to dictate the terms of *pardon* and *release from punishment*. If the *malecontents* persist in their revolt, after the wholesome warning they have received, after their total discomfiture and disgrace, the sooner the PROPRIETORS get rid of them, the better. Let Mr. HARRIS bear in mind the obligation imposed upon him by his PATENT, to "*eject all mutinous and scandalous persons.*" Let him exercise at once his *prerogative* and his *duty*.

"*Regis est punire rebelles.*"

THEATRICAL

THEATRICAL CRITICISM, &c.

THE STRANGER, a Drama in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. Translated from the German of AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, by BENJ. THOMPSON, Esq.

(Continued from page 102.)

THE popularity of the Play, performed at Covent Garden, under the title of *Lovers' Vows*, and which, according to the custom of the Theatre, was not published for several weeks, added to the sinister arts practised by some of the parties concerned in the *manufacture* of the version of the *Natural Son*, to which Miss PLUMTRE lent her name, procured a rapid sale to the work; and thus held out an irresistible lure to rapacity and dullness.—Miss PLUMTRE, whose plodding genius follows literature as mechanically as a joiner squares his boards, and who possesses neither taste to appreciate the merits of a German author, nor sufficient knowledge of German literature to form her opinion by the judgment of the critics of that nation, next fell to work upon the *Count of Burgundy*, which was patched together in the same manner as her former version, and in the *fabrication* of which the writer of the present article took the same share as he did in the *manufactory* of the *Natural Son*.

The publisher of the work, who is feelingly alive to his own interest, and active even to a miracle in the pursuit of it, (though, perhaps, as bad a judge

of literary * merit as Miss PLUMTRE herself) left no experiment untried, no stone unturned to push his *wares*, and by means of his literary connections, (for booksellers, with money, can always command plenty of literary *hirelings)* as well as through the channel of his own publications, puffed off his translations, and the *veteran* translator herself, till the name of PLUMTRE was echoed from one corner of the kingdom to the other, and even formed a conspicuous feature in the *Posting-bills* of the *Amphitheatre of Arts*, alias ASTLEY's *Riding-School!* which informed the town, that the *puppet-shew* of the evening was got up from the *literal* version of the *veteran* Translator of KOTZEBUE's Plays!

Quick and loud sounded the *tocsin* of alarm; the whole host of *literary drudges*, the whole swarm of *translators in embryo*, who aspired to become *veterans*, (seeing, as they did, how easily this object might be brought about, and with what facilty money might

* Perhaps a more disgraceful work, a work conducted with less method, talent, and consistency, was never imposed upon the public, than the vaunted *British Public Characters*, in which men of real talents, men of fair fame and just celebrity are jumbled together with *charlatans*, *mad poets*, *mad philosophers*, and *obscure scribblers*, *who write their own Memoirs*, and tell us with "what wonderful fe-"cundity they *conceive*; with what wonderful ease and rapidity "they *bring forth!*" We would recommend to these *self-biographers*, who *spawn* and *litter* with such prodigious haste and frequency, to read a certain fable, in which a certain animal holds forth similar language to the *lioness*, and contrasts its own *fecundity* with the comparative *barrenness* of the latter. "True," replies the noble beast, "I bring forth but *seldom*, and often but *one* at a time, "but that one is a *lion!*"

be

be got, by *doing* German into English, and propagating the crudities of KOTZEBUE) instantly fell to work, and versions multiplied upon versions, till the shelves of the booksellers groaned beneath their weight. The authors of these translations were generally of two descriptions—either Germans, who could not write English; or Englishmen, who did not understand German. The consequence was nearly the same in both cases; the national literary character was equally degraded by both parties, and taste, propriety, and good sense, were sacrificed on the altar of avarice, profligacy, and dullness.

It was therefore with more than ordinary satisfaction, we heard the announcement of a work, which promised to interpose an effectual check to the career of literary *stock-jobbing*. The peculiar circumstances under which the translator embarked in the undertaking, sufficiently guaranteed the faithful execution of the task, as far as involved the *authorship*; and the well-known, the *experienced* taste and liberality of the gentleman, with whom rested the *typographical superintendance*, insured equal attention and success to *that* department. Thoroughly versed in all the delicacies of the German language, by a long residence in that country, Mr. THOMPSON combines an intimate knowledge of the language from which he translates, with a perfect command of the English, which is his native tongue. And the proprietor of the work, who speculates in literature, not with the low cunning and greedy meanness of a *bookseller*, but with the predilection of a *virtuoso* and

a *gentleman*,

a *gentleman*, has never suffered his name to be either directly or indirectly connected with a publication, that was not conducted on the fairest, broadest principles of honour, liberality, and justice.

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS, &c.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
FOR THE YEAR 1800.

NUMBER IV.

No. 164. *Hampstead Heath.*—P. REINAGLE, Associate.

WITH the exception of the colouring, which is rather cold, this is a picture of superior merit. The *chiaro-scuro* is broad, the handling firm, and the whole executed with great judgment. To compare it with the works of WINANTS, would be saying little in its praise. It is superior to any thing we have seen by that master.

No. 172. *The Fatal Sisters.*—N. FUSELI, R. A.

We may apply to the works of this Artist the remark made by BRYDONE on the Collection of a certain Noble Italian *Virtuoso*, famous for his predilection for *monsters*;—that "he has not offended against the Second Commandment, by making the similitude of any thing in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters under the earth!"—Bereft, therefore, of an opportunity of appreciating the *poetical* merits of this picture by any known and visible standard, we shall only observe, that on a first inspection we were led to conclude, that the *Hanging Committee* had hung the picture *topsy-turvy*. But on a closer view we found, that the man on the right hand was not in a *lying-posture*, as we at first imagined, but was climbing the tree, probably to get out of the reach of the infernal sisterhood of hags, that are crowing about him.

No. 178. *Portrait of Mrs. J. Angerstein.*—T. LAWRENCE, R. A.

All the characteristic defects of this artist (and many and prominent those defects are) notwithstanding his name boasts the appendage

appendage of an R. A. are blended and concentrated in the present work. The figure, as usual, is above the natural size; and the lowness of the horizon adds to its magnitude, and communicates to the picture an air of vacancy, highly unpleasant. The colouring is remarkably cold, and in a tone by no means accordant with nature. Green skies, we believe, are rather a kind of *phænomenon*; but then they may claim the praise of *novelty*, which, to judge from the prevailing bias of popular opinion, is far preferable to a close attention to Nature! As to the attitude, it is so totally devoid of expression, that we could wish the artist had informed us, by means of a *label*, what the lady was doing, or preparing, meditating, and contemplating to do. She has, indeed, a melting, languishing look; but the Artist has neither involved action nor sentiment. Like the rest of his performances, the head is too little, and the whole has a *vitrified* appearance.

No. 187. *The Plague of the Serpents.*—R. Smirke, R. A.

A work, which in the aggregate reflects honour on the Artist. It were only to be wished that he would more assiduously endeavour to give a determinate feature to his performances, by grouping his figures, and massing his light and shadow. The *naked* is not sufficiently marked, nor is it by any means correct.

No. 193. *Rolla.*—T. Lawrence, R. A.

If size and magnitude be allowed to constitute the criterion of professional worth and excellence, we do not hesitate to concur in opinion with the major part of the company, who visit the rooms; that the present article has a kind of presumptive claim to our first notice. But we are not in the habit of appreciating the merits of a work by its dimensions, its glare, and obtrusiveness; though, at the same time, with respect to this picture, we are ready to acknowledge that it possesses recommendations of a superior kind. The drawing of parts of the figure is very fine, particularly of the upper right arm, the reflection on which exhibits a happy specimen of colouring. The left arm is in the same high character of drawing, and the whole is painted with great boldness.

Greatly, however, as we may approve of *parts*, as a *whole*, the work is liable to considerable objections. The Artist having chosen for

for his subject only *part* of an action, without giving to his picture *locality*, and *general* as well as *individual* reference, it is impossible for a spectator, judging of the mere work as it actually appears, without previous knowledge of the story, to devine the cause of so much muscular energy as *Rolla* displays. This defect ought to have been obviated by *telling* the story, *i. e.* by associating the *cause* with the *effect*, and filling up the vacancy with local circumstances. The Spanish soldiers might, and ought to have been introduced, together with sufficient objects in the back ground to refer the scene to Peru. Or, if this was a work of too great labour and difficulty for the Artist to accomplish, he should have supplied the place of descriptive scenery, by affixing a *label* to his performance, detailing the several particulars of the story.

The attitude of the infant (we are the more diffuse on this article as it forms the subject of general and exaggerated panegyric) furnishes another ground of objection and animadversion. Its situation is not only perilous in the extreme, from the height to which it is elevated, and the insecure support it receives from *Rolla's* hold; but it is, likewise, placed in such a posture, that its arm must inevitably be *dislocated*, were it not for the accidental circumstance of its resting its knee on *Rolla's* arm. Nor is the attitude of the chief himself totally free from censure. It is not the attitude of defence; it is too much spread for a picture. The artist surely has not now to learn, that what is allowable in *scenic representation*, what is befitting the violence of *stage-action*, does not become the *canvas*, does not accord with the sobriety of *painting*. Neither is the colouring harmonious, the figure by no means uniting with the back ground; not to mention its want of proportion. It is much too *colossal* for a portrait. Had the artist lived in the time of Nero, he would have stood a fair chance of being appointed *court painter* to that Emperor, and, doubtless, would have been employed on the tyrant's picture, *exhibited* in the garden of Marius, which we are told was one hundred and twenty feet in height. As this artist seems to *litter* a KEMBLE every year, we may expect, if he perseveres in the same scale of proportion, to have *Gog* and *Magog* transplanted from Guildhall, to the Exhibition Rooms of the Royal Academy.

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